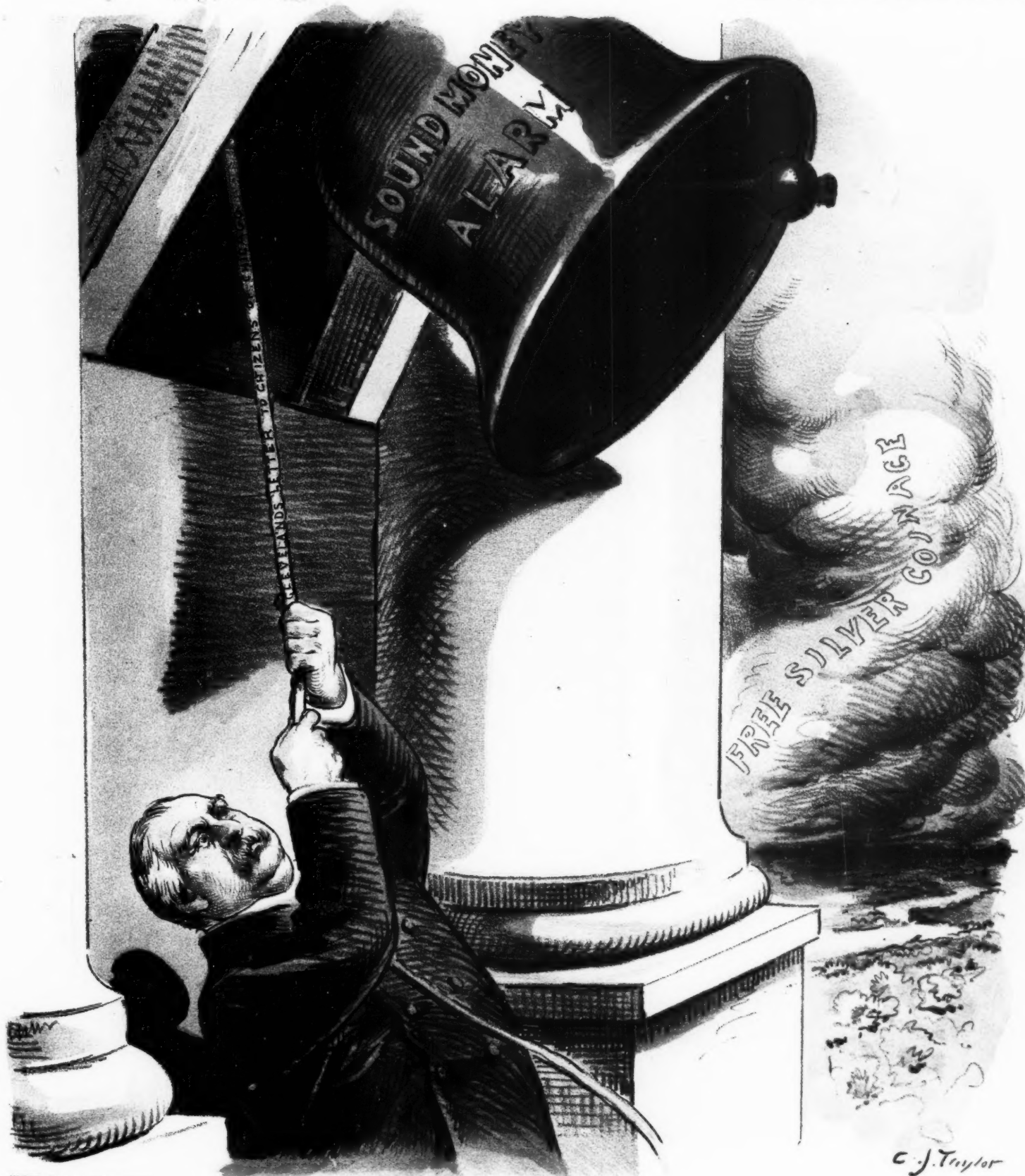


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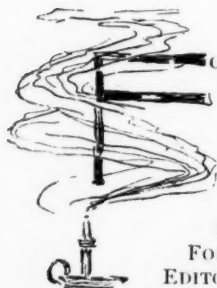
C. J. Taylor

SOUNDING THE TOCSIN.



#### NOT TO BE WONDERED AT.

"I don't wonder they say that yachtsmen are terrible drinkers!" remarked Mrs. Wayback, in horror, regarding a display of regatta trophies in a Broadway store window. "Why, any one of them 'cups' would hold a full quart o' hard cider, an' some all the way to two gallons!"



#### COULD N'T HELP HIMSELF.

FOREMAN (*through the tube*).—We need four columns of stuff.  
EDITOR OF GREAT DAILY.—How much "Napoleon" have you?  
FOREMAN.—Three pages.  
EDITOR.—What about "Trilby?"  
FOREMAN.—Nineteen columns.  
EDITOR.—And "The Coming Woman?"  
FOREMAN.—Two pages.  
EDITOR.—Have we got enough on "Why Reform is a Failure?"  
FOREMAN.—Pages and pages of it.  
EDITOR.—Well, I guess we shall have to put in some news, then.

WE ARE glad the war is over in China; also glad that it was over in China.

UNLIKE THE kettle, a watched laborer always boils with enthusiasm.

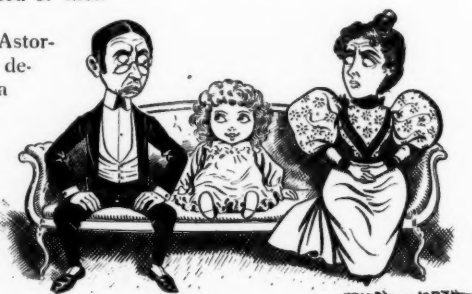
HEAVEN'S NOT Oklahoma,  
Let us give thanks in prayer;  
For, if it were, when we arrive  
What "sooners" we'd find there!

#### TRACKED TO THEIR LAIR.

But a thin partition now separated Sleuth, the detective, from the robbers' den.

Evidently they had no fear of being overheard, for their every word rang loudly as they boasted of their nefarious exploits.

"That job at the Astor-bilt mansion?—" The detective never missed a word — "Say, that was a pudding! Four hours' work, and cleared a cool three thousand on it!" Peals of laughter followed this, the hoarse "Haw! haw!" of the master thief ringing high above them all. The rest was lost in the sound of heavy hammering.



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#### A LITTLE TOO MUCH.

And then the detective, waving away the bay rum, asked the barber if his customers did n't kick at being shaved next to a plumber's shop.

FIRST THIEF.—I see by the papers that a man made half a million plunks in a railroad deal de oder day.

SECOND DITTO.—Dat's de way of de world, pard. De amatoors get de plums, an' members of de profesh, like you an' me has to starve.



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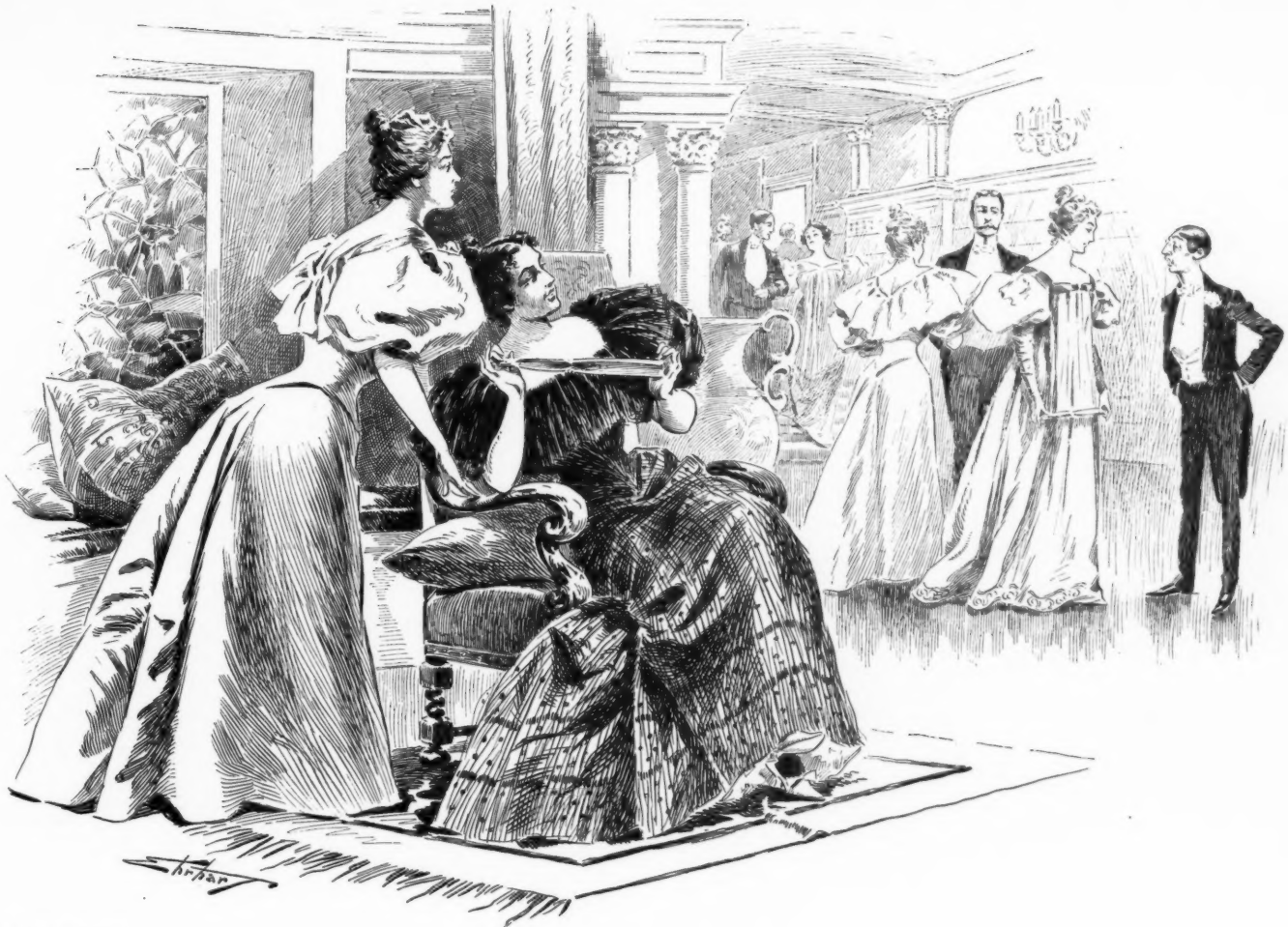
#### A REQUISITE ADDITION.

BIBULOUS-LOOKING PARTY.—Yes, I'll take the tract, lady; but will you give me five cents if I read it?

MISSIONARY.—It is unusual; but to get the truth before you, I will do so. Here is the five cents, poor man. What will you do with it?

BIBULOUS-LOOKING PARTY.—Why, these temp'rance tracts is so dry readin' dat I allers must have a glass of beer when I gets t'rough wid 'em.





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#### A REVELATION.

LOUISE.—I was surprised to hear Cholly say he is twenty-five.  
 LAURA.—Why, he looks it!  
 LOUISE.—Yes; but I did n't think he knew it.

#### MODEST.



NEED A brownstone house in town,  
 At least four stories high.  
 One that's been bought with cash paid down;  
 No mortgages, say I.

I also need a Summer place  
 At Newport — something fine —  
 For if I'm in the social race  
 I'd move in the front line.

The vulgar herd is not for me;  
 In travel, near and far,  
 I'd much prefer, you know, to be  
 Within my private car.

Of course my purse must carry gold;  
 An income I'd prefer  
 Of, say, a hundred thousand cold,  
 At this I'd not demur.

A hundred head of horse or so,  
 Some yachts, say three or four;  
 I'd be surrounded, as I go,  
 With menials galore.

That's all. For nothing else I sigh  
 Within this mundane whirl;  
 I'll be content, you see, for I  
 Already have the girl.

Tom Masson.

#### COLLOQUIAL INANITIES.

SHE.—Mr. Gray promised to be here at five. Has n't he come yet?  
 HE.—No.  
 SHE.—That's funny.  
 HE.—Is it? Ah! but you read *Punch*, don't you?

#### "THE NEW WOMAN."

(A Recipe.)

Take equal portions of Faith-Cure, Christian-Science and Mind-Cure. Add to these a suitable number of catchy sentiments from a handsome, popular preacher. Sprinkle with vague literary effusions. Boil down with a superficial knowledge of one or two languages.

Flavor to taste with a pinch of Political Economy. Put in some totally new ideas on the training of children. Beat well, and serve in Bloomers, on a bicycle.



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#### AN ADVANCE IN REALISM.

ASSISTANT.—I think we could use that play. There is a horse-race on the stage in the last act —  
 MANAGER.—That is n't new.  
 ASSISTANT.—No; but the playwright suggests that we change the winning horse every night and sell pools on the result.

## PRACTICAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

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"Three seats in the orchestra, please."



"There! I guess my new sleeves won't be crushed now!"

## THE POET AND THE SCHOOL-MA'AM.



NE DAY, when Love had banished Fear,  
I sought the dear, enlightened *She*,  
Who, in our village, for a year,  
Instructing youth, had conquered me;  
And, as a 'prentice hand at rhyme,  
I parried with her for a time.

"Figures of speech to thee I throw,  
Bright chaplets for thy brows to wear."  
The Schoolma'am answered me, "No, no;  
Don't mix your subjects; have a care!  
You 'd play a very sorry trick  
On grammar and arithmetic."

"To Arcady, Oh, fairest maid!  
Then stroll with me for one short hour."  
A smile across her features played;  
She vowed 't was not within her power.  
With eyes aslant, she said with glee,—  
"T is not in our geography!"

"Then be my queen, with regal sway  
Within the empire of my heart."  
Again she, laughing, answered "Nay,"  
Her roguish, ruby lips apart.  
"Our civil government, you see,  
Teaches quite otherwise, said she."

"O Latter-day Minerva! then,  
Just marry me!" was all I said;  
And soberness came back again  
And bowed her dainty, gold-crowned head.  
She spoke, with soft, averted look,—  
"Oh, yes; I'm sure *that's* in a book."

Roe L. Hendrick.

## FAME NEAR.

"How do you come on with your  
etchings, Du Bois?"  
"Finely, finely! Have my signature  
down so that no one can read it  
now."

## SAFER.

STRANGER (*to mule*). — Hi-up,  
there! Step around out of the way,  
you worthless brute!

FARMER HAWBACK (*to STRANGER*).  
—If you have anything mean to say  
about that mule you 'd better say it to  
his face and not behind his back.



## AFTER THE EXPLANATION.

PAPA.—Vy, vot did you t'ink a gold bug vos?  
IKEY.—I t'ought may be it vos der same as a firebug.

## THE MODERN TERROR.

FIRST THUG (*in terror*).—Dat feller we knocked out 'll die and we 'll  
git der 'lectric chair!

SECOND THUG (*reassuringly*).—Come off! We 're too slick fer der  
police detectives.

FIRST THUG.—What do I care fer dem? But look; *dere goes a  
reporter!*

## "AS OTHERS SEE US."

COBWIGGER.—You possess that rare gift of being able to tell the  
moment your clothes begin to look shabby.

MERRITT.—That 's easily acquired. As soon as  
the bootblacks stop calling "Shine, sir!" after  
me, I know it is time to order a new suit.

## WORLDLY-WISE.

FIRST MITE.—I 'll tell on you!

SECOND MITE.—If you do, I 'll tell  
on you!

FIRST MITE.—Nobody 'll believe  
you after yer reputashun 's destroyed.

## COULD IMPROVE ON IT.

MRS. NORRIS.—What 's the mat-  
ter Robby; are you choking?

ROBBY (*feelingly, with his mouth  
full of bones*).—Say, Mama, I 'd  
like to build just one shad!

WILLY KEEP.—Do you suppose  
any one was ever weally born  
with a silver spoon in his mouth?

ETHEL KNOX.—No doubt of it!  
I 've seen some that even suggested  
a spread nut-cracker.

## THE GREAT DIVIDE — Socialism.

JESS.—I used to dream of a brainy  
man for a husband.

BESS.—Have your views changed?

JESS.—Alas! yes; I 'm looking for  
one now possessed of common-sense.

SMYTHE.—She was n't sure which  
she liked better, Jones or me,  
but she gave me the benefit of the  
doubt.

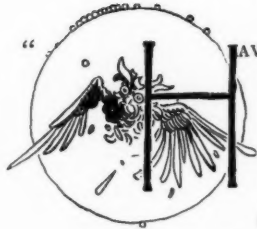
BLIFFS.—And made you happy?  
SMYTHE.—Yes; they have been  
married more than a year now.



## NATURE'S PARADOX.

In two or three fleeting moons,  
While the birds in the orchard pipe,  
The apple that 's small and hard and green  
For business will be ripe.

## AN HUMBLD OFFICIAL.



"HAVE YOU any mucilage in there?" asked a sharp-featured, elderly lady at the stamp-seller's window, at the Post-office.  
"No!" snapped the urbane clerk inside.  
"How will I make this envelope I just bought of you stick, then?" demanded she with the asperity of a woman who feels she has got the worst end of a small bargain.

"Lick the flap; there's mucilage on it," said the clerk laconically.

"No; there ain't! not a mite!"

"Then you must have licked it off. Some of you people seem to expect to get your dinners off the Government."

"Oh, we do! do we?" cried the irate spinster. "Let me tell you I ain't reduced to making my meals off of your nasty old mucilage. I had a better dinner to-day, before I came downtown, than you ever saw in your life. You pale-faced, dried-up whipper-snapper! you're a nice one to talk about dinner! You look as if you lived on liver and string beans at a three-dollar-a-week boarding-house!"

"All right, Madam; move on!" said the clerk, who by this time had begun to realize he had caught a tartar.

"Wait till I've told you what I had for dinner, first. Let's see. We had tomato soup and baked bluefish —"

"Never mind what you had for dinner; move on — you're blocking the window!" implored the clerk.

"Don't be impatient, sonny. Then we had broiled Spring chicken that would melt in your mouth, and green peas —"

"There's a dozen people behind you; move on!"

"And pickled beets and sliced tomatoes —"

"Will you move on?"

"When I get good and ready. I'm a-going to tell you what a good dinner is so as you'll know one if you ever see it; which is n't likely."

"Go away! I have n't time to hear you now."

"Yes; you have. The People is paying for your time, I guess, and I'm one of them. Don't you ever forget that the folks that come to this window is the folks you're working for."

"No; I won't, if you'll only go away," promised the clerk, feebly.

"All right. Then I'll let you off from the desert, though the blackberry shortcake would have made your eyes stick out, and the cream we had with it was that thick it would bear up a spoon. But I want you to remember one more thing."

"What is it?"

"That envelope you sold me would n't stick. That 's bad enough; but there's one thing worse. And that 's a postage stamp that gets stuck on itself. A stamp like that ain't no earthly good to anybody, and neither is a young man when he gets the same way! That 's all. Good-by!"

Harry Romaine.

## ALWAYS.

FIRST MONOPOLIST.—Well, the new trust is formed. Just watch now and see breadstuffs and meats go soaring up.

SECOND MONOPOLIST.—What title do you give the new combine?

FIRST MONOPOLIST.—"The People's Food Supply Association."



## JUST AWAKENED.

MRS. HIRAM DALY.—Have you any reason for not being up, Bridget?  
THE NEW COOK.—Phaix, I'm not a slape-walker, Mum; thot 's dthe rayson!

## A LOOK AHEAD.

There before Crusoe's eyes was the print of a human foot.  
"Suffering Christopher!" he exclaimed. "Neighbors!"  
His brow clouded with anxiety.  
"I wonder," he mused.

Hastening to his home he changed the combination of the lock on the coal-bin.

NURSE.—Children, God brought you a little sister this morning.

LITTLE WILLY.—That 's funny! I've been looking out of the window since breakfast and did n't see him come in.

LITTLE FLOSSY.—'Course not. The janitor made him go 'round the back way.

MUCH OF the failure in this world may be attributed to the fact that too many people are firing at the bull's-eye of success with blank cartridges.



## A CHANGE OF TUNE.

MR. HOWSON LOTT (his first season out of town).—Mary, Mary! come here quick! Bring the children! Tell Bridget to come! Hooplah! Hooray! Here's a blade of grass coming through the ground from the seed I planted.

Harry Romaine.

## ALWAYS.

FIRST MONOPOLIST.—Well, the new trust is formed. Just watch now and see breadstuffs and meats go soaring up.

SECOND MONOPOLIST.—What title do you give the new combine?

FIRST MONOPOLIST.—"The People's Food Supply Association."



MR. HOWSON LOTT (two months later).—Confound this confounded grass! Next year I plant this place with brick-bats!

## CARLYLE SMITH'S CYCLOPAEDIA OF ANECDOTES.

## LAMB ON THE FIRST-EDITION HABIT.

"I NUN-NEVER COULD un-nun-under-st-tut-tand," said Charles Lamb to Talfourd one day while the two men were looking over an old second-hand book shop, "w-w-why p-pup-pupeople c-c-collect fuf-fuf-first editions. Tut-tut-tenth editions are sus-sus-so much r-r-rarer, you knun-know."

## SOCRATES'S REASON.

Alcibiades once sent Socrates a beautiful cake, which the latter immediately returned. Sometime later, meeting Socrates on the street, Alcibiades asked him why he had refused his gift.

"My modesty compelled me to do so," returned the philosopher.

"Your modesty?" echoed the general.

"Certainly. Acceptance of your gift would have been a tacit admission that I take the cake."

Alcibiades was much impressed.

## A WITTY RETORT.

Cimon, the son of Miltiades, was once asked what he considered the cleverest thing he had ever done.

"Choosing Miltiades for a parent," he replied.

"But you had no voice in the matter," said one of the company.

"Neither had you," retorted Cimon.

## COLERIDGE'S WISH.

"I say, Lamb," said Coleridge to the author of *Elia*; "I wish you did n't stutter so."

"Why? I a-a-am sus-satis-fied," said Lamb.

"I know," replied Coleridge; "but, as it is now, all your jokes are old before you get to the point."

## THE ATTENDANT'S MOT.

One morning while Queen Anne was out driving with an attendant, she remarked with some passion:

"I can't see why they call those rattle-trap houses Queen Anne's."

"Nor I," returned the attendant; "for assuredly your Majesty is not built that way."

The attendant was decorated at the next drawing-room.



## LOUIS XI AND OLIVIER.

Louis XI of France had a grim streak of humor. His jests were largely at the expense of those whom he had in a tight place. Having condemned a half-dozen conspirators to be hanged, Olivier le Dacier asked him if he had any choice as to the exact spot in the Royal Enclosure where the execution might take place.

"Don't bother me with such details," replied the king. "Ask my landscape gardener."

## LEICESTER'S READY WIT.

"Ah! my friends," said Queen Elizabeth, coming between Raleigh and the Earl of Leicester, who had been discussing the Elizabethan period; "what is the subject of thy discourse?"

"We talked of the Age of Elizabeth," returned Raleigh, bowing low.

"Not so, your Majesty," put in Leicester, bowing lower. "We expatiated on the Youth of Elizabeth."

From that moment Raleigh's influence began to wane.



## GOLDSMITH'S PROPHECY.

Goldsmith having heard of the death of a friend, dolefully remarked to Reynolds:

"We're dying off rapidly these days. A hundred years from now there won't be one of us left."

Events have shown the truth of this prophecy.

## MISSED BY BOSWELL.

"I have always felt," said Boswell one day to Johnson, "that I should like to read my obituary."

"So should I," said the Doctor, brusquely.

Boswell was so affected to find that the Doctor for once agreed with him that he forgot to make a note of the incident.

## CATHERINE'S JEST.

Peter the Great, having expressed his desire to Catherine, his wife, for a light luncheon, was much enraged when the Czarina sent him up a box of cold tallow candles. It was not until Catherine had explained her pun and eaten eight of the dips that the Czar would be appeased.



## KANT'S CRITIQUE.

"I say, Professor," asked one of Kant's closest students; "now, that your Critique is written and printed, what do you think of it?"

"I do not like to say," returned the Philosopher. "I never could read it through."

## JAMES AND THE FLOWER GIRL.

James I was an economical monarch with charitable inclinations. A flower girl, having accosted him on the street with the request that he buy her wares and save her from starving, the king stopped and asked what kind of flowers she had.

"Roses, your Highness," said she, with a curtesy.

"Dear me! How unfortunate!" returned the king, resuming his walk. "I should have liked to help you, my dear; but we have more roses at the palace than we know what to do with already."



## AN EYE TO THE FUTURE.

ROBBINS.—Lend me that ten dollars. You are not needing it now, are you?

HAWKINS.—No; but I might need it some time.

## TOO GREAT A RISK.

WILLIAMSON.—Why don't you sell your horse to Brown?

HENEERSON.—To Brown? Why, he belongs to the same church I do!



## HE HAD BEEN BUNCOED BEFORE.

NEWSBOY.—Extra News! Just out!

UNCLE UPETHERSTATE.—Go 'long, darn ye! Ye don't fool me! I heered ye say the same thing last night, b'gosh!





PUCK,  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK is \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance.

Keppeler & Schwarzmann,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, May 8th, 1895. — No. 948.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### THE MOVING MANIA.

WITH THE first flush of Spring, with the stirring of sap in the trees, the unfolding of the blossoms and the coming of the song-birds, the desire to change his residence awakes in the breast of the true American. It matters not what may be his sort and condition in life; whether he be rich or poor, whether he live in city or in country; whether he be full of the fresh wild impulses of youth, or chilled with the cold palsy of age, it is all the same—he feels the almost irresistible desire to move; to go and live in a new place—a new house, a new flat, a new hall-bedroom. Has he a reason for this restlessness? Certainly; and not one reason only: he can find you reasons as plentiful as blackberries. His wife does not like the view from the front windows; the furnace consumes several pounds more coal than it is properly entitled to; the neighborhood is not entirely to his liking; the bath-room is too small; the drawing-room is too large; the dining-room is the wrong shape, and the door-bell has been out of order at least three times during the year. The urgent necessity of a change must be obvious to the meanest intellect. Indeed, as he begins to make his preparations for packing up and moving he is conscious of a sense of hardship and injustice, as if he had been made the victim of a wrong in having been made to live for a year in a dwelling that could make such small claims to absolute perfection.

For the house that he is forever seeking is the Perfect House, and he will be content with nothing else but perfection. It is a house where all the rooms have a southern exposure; where every chamber is spacious, and all may be warmed with equal ease. It is a house without draughts; where the furnace consumes its own dust and ashes; where the chimneys draw in all sorts of weather; where the atmosphere is always warm in Winter and cool in Summer. It must accommodate itself automatically to any increase or decrease in the size of the family; and it must always remain in a fashionable neighborhood, convenient to cars and shops and offices. Its water-pipes must never freeze; its roof must never leak; its paint must never need renewing; its doors must never shrink; its floors must never wear out; its ceilings must never crack—and its rent must be low. If these few requirements are not met he will move again next year.

There is no doubt that the exacting disposition of the house-hunting American has gained him many material advantages that he would never have enjoyed had he been more easy to satisfy—or, perhaps, it might be more correct to say had *she* been more easy to satisfy; for *she*, after all, has the say in America. The ordinary American home is furnished with many comforts and luxuries that are unknown elsewhere, except in the mansions of the rich and great. For instance, there is no country in the world where the civilizing and refining influence of the bath-room is more widespread; or where it reaches to a greater proportion of people of moderate and even narrow means. The competition among landlords to attract tenants and buyers among a people hard to please and quick to change has certainly availed to free us from many of the annoyances and impositions which bear hard upon the home-seeker of older countries. Our laws and customs are almost too lenient to the tenant, and are sometimes essentially unjust to the landlord. But it is to be questioned whether the material gain makes up for the spiritual injury that is worked by the encouragement of the unwholesome taste for an unsettled life; for the uneasy seeking after an unattainable perfection in domestic surroundings, and for the whimsical dissatisfaction with surroundings not wholly perfect, to which we have too long accustomed ourselves. After all, the home is the most valuable institution in the world, alike for the individual and for the State; and when we deprive our children of the associations that gather around the house, poor though it may be, and unfit for its uses, which shelters for long years the loves, the joys and the trials of a united family, we surely risk our children's loyalty to their own hearthstone, and to the country, which is the greater home of all of us.

### AN OLD SUPERSTITION.

UNLIMITED WEALTH has always been the dream of man since he learned the wisdom of working and saving. At first he wanted real wealth,—live stock, farm-produce, wool, wine, oil and manufactured articles. Then money was invented, and, as its use grew, he began to worship that instead of the real thing. Later he came to regard money as the actual embodiment of all wealth, instead of a mere symbol to make trades with. And so the old alchemists sought to “work” Nature for the secret of gold, in the child-like belief that unlimited gold would bring them unlimited wealth. They forgot that gold itself is wealth only in so far as scarcity and desirability combine to put a price upon it;—that wealth is all that and only that which is produced by labor. They did not see that if gold were as plentiful as air it would be as worthless as air is generally admitted to be, for a circulating medium. Had they found the magic formula, gold would have been cheapened, but the necessities of life would not have been cheapened, for the same labor would still have been required to fell a tree, to produce a bushel of wheat, a pound of wool or a cask of wine. If gold grew rank on every bush man would still have to work as hard to fill his stomach and to warm his back. They were a simple-minded, superstitious lot, were they not, and they would be sadly out of place in this age of enlightenment? And yet, to-day, dear reader, a considerable faction in this country really believes that the wealth of the country can be doubled by doubling its stock of money. The Silverite of to-day differs not one whit from the Silverite of the dark ages. He is the undoubted descendant of the old-time alchemist and inherits his legacy of delusions. “It is hard work to raise wheat,” says the Silverite, “and hard work to produce wool, and hard work to grow fat cattle. Gold will buy all these, but gold is likewise hard to get. Silver is more plentiful. Therefore, let us declare that silver is as good as gold, and then we shall have abundant means to buy wheat and wool and beef. It’s a simple matter, increasing the wealth of the country.” It is a showy argument; but it would be just as showy if the Silverite, instead of choosing silver, would say “iron” or “copper” or “cobble stones,” and it should not deceive any intelligent ten-year old boy. If all the silver in the earth were coined into dollars to-morrow it would not lessen the labor required to sustain life in the people. The farmer would get more pieces of silver for his produce, but so would the grocer and the dry-goods merchant with whom he trades. The amount of provisions or clothing that a day’s work or a bushel of wheat will buy is fixed by the law of supply and demand, a law as old as life itself. If one commodity equals another in value, that equality is not affected by the value of a third; and if this third commodity is used as a medium of exchange, any artificial change in its value can not effect the relative values of the two first. Two sums of four each remain equal, even though we should choose to call eight “twelve.” These are all the facts necessary to refute the Silverites with their volumes of statistics. If they do not suffice, if what is called “free silver” should prevail in this country, we need brain-specialists more than statesmen.



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### A GREAT MIND.

MRS. KNOWALL.—What does all this rumpus about silver mean, any how?

MR. KNOWALL (*supremely*).—If you would only read the papers, you would n't have to show your ignorance by asking such questions. It means that they want to make us use silver money when a dollar's worth of silver is only worth fifty-five cents.



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*Chorus from REPUBLICAN POLE —*  
 We are merry candidates,  
 Representing diff'rent states;  
 And swinging round the circle so,  
 With garlands gay of speech we go.

Each with rapt, expectant  
 Fixed upon the wished-for  
 We leaders of the G. O.  
 Round the May-pole skip

THE RIVAL





# THE RIVAL MAY PARTIES.

Solo from DEMOCRATIC POLE —

Here's a May-pole *all my own*,  
Where I joyous dance alone;  
For every one can plainly see  
There's no one in it now with me.

With all my prospects bright and gay,  
In all the promise of the May,  
I loudly shout (*no one else will*)  
Hurrah, for David Bennett Hill!

## THE TEMPERANCE SALOON AT HAY CORNERS.



FOR SOME TIME past the moral element of Hay Corners had "viewed with alarm" — as the resolutions of the Deborah Society put it — "the gradual increase of lawlessness and immorality in our midst." It was but too true. Since Jabe Gormully had put a pool-table in the barroom of his tavern the attendance of young men at singing-school and prayer-meeting had dwindled down to nothing. True, the older men, the more sedate and solid citizens of the village, consoled at no worse place than Mixley's drug store, as of old. But the younger men were breaking away from the Puritanic traditions of Hay Corners. What was to be done?

An investigation showed that the sale of dime novels had increased to ten a week at Mrs. Slater's stationery store. And the young men of the village played pool and listened eagerly to drummers' stories at the tavern until as late as ten o'clock.

"How shall we win the stray sheep back?" had been the subject of debate at the Deborah Society. And Deacon Mixley solved it, "The Temperance Saloon!"

"Give the young men a place for social recreation, other than the evil associations of the tavern. Let there be refreshments, music, games, and good literature, and the question is solved," he said.

In a week the Temperance Saloon was an established fact. An empty store-room on High Street had been carpeted, cleaned and furnished up to an aspect of cheerful comfort. A counter, behind which Aunt Martha Jawkins dispensed sandwiches, coffee, tea and soda pop, was at one end. Miss Tabitha Smithson had loaned her organ and hymnal, and Mrs. Mixley had donated "Young's Night Thoughts," "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Christian Soldier" and three volumes of Patent Office Reports for the library. After some opposition, checkers, authors, old maid and dominos had been allowed to come in as games, though Deacon Medders had fought stubbornly against any nearer approach to gaming than "Fox and Geese" and "Hull Gull, Hand Full." Some little friction had been caused, too, by pretty Cora Smith suggesting that only young girls be employed as waitresses at the Temperance Saloon. But she was frowned down as a forward minx, and the Deborah Society took full charge.

The opening of the Temperance Saloon was largely attended. The tavern, in consequence, was deserted. Miss Tabitha Smithson stuck faithfully to the organ until the hymnal was exhausted; and Aunt Martha Jawkins was kept so busy that, what from heat and excitement, her ringlets came uncurled. Deacon Mixley gave a blessing, and the success of the Temperance Saloon seemed assured.



## GENEROUSLY THROWN IN.

COUNTRYMAN.—Gosh! there be enuff cloth in these 'ere trousers ter make a pair of pants fur my boy.

ISAACS.—Dake 'em along, my honest frient! Dake 'em along, undt make your poy a pair out ov dem, too. I only sharges you fur von pair; dwo sevendy-five fur dwo pairs ov trousers! Mine gracious!

Alas! It was not to be. The attendance dwindled down night by night. In vain Aunt Martha added her famous pumpkin pie to the bill-o'-fare; in vain Miss Tabitha started the organ and her voice vigorously on "Pull for the Shore, Sailor!" or, "Water, Cold Water for Me!" whenever masculine voices or footsteps were heard on High Street, which was often, as the tavern was at its end.

Sometimes Cora Smith or some of her companions came to the door to sniff contemptuously. But, with the exception of Deacon Mixley, and Ab. Perkins, who was half-witted, no one came to revel in the home-like cheerfulness of the Temperance Saloon.

The drummers' stories and the pool table still attract the young and unthinking at the tavern. Mrs. Slater announces the sale of dime novels going up to fifteen, and several calls for the *Police Gazette*. Miss Tabitha has taken her organ home, after a fierce row with all parties, and it is our painful duty to announce that the Temperance Saloon closes next Wednesday, a dire and dismal failure.

Why is it?

Roy L. McCardell.

## A CRUCIAL TEST.

MRS. WINTHROP.—Do you think Jack Desmond is really in love with Mabel?

MR. WINTHROP.—Great goodness!—yes; why, he plays dominos with her by the hour!

SOME MEN are like one-legged milk-stools;—no good unless sat upon.



## A WAR INDEMNITY.

MRS. BROWN.—I have just had a terrible quarrel with my husband.

MRS. JONES.—Well, I don't see what there is in that to make you look so happy.

MRS. BROWN.—There is a twenty-dollar hat in it when he concludes to apologize!



## INCAPACITATED. — I.

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LABOR AGITATOR (*enthusiastically rehearsing speech he has just written*).—Give us work or give us bread! Work we must have! Work we will have! Work we shall have!

## THE OPENING OF THE BATHING SEASON.

E'en the small boy bad has the "Trilby" fad,  
And debates with himself now, whether  
He shall sit in the sun when his swim is done  
And pose for "the altogether."

## AT LAST.

TELEGRAPH EDITOR.—By Jove! here's an account of the sea-serpent being seen off the Florida coast, and I believe it's true, this time.

CITY EDITOR.—Why more than before?

TELEGRAPH EDITOR.—Great Scott, man! don't you notice that in no place does it say that it had a head like a barrel, or that it raised out of the water and hissed horribly when shot at?

## THE HOME OF THE RACE-HORSE AND RYE.

HE.—That was an awfully nice old Kentucky gentleman I introduced to you, Aunt Mary.

SHE.—He would be but for being so blasphemous.

HE.—What! Did he swear in your presence?

SHE.—No; but he alluded to Kentucky as God's country, you know.

THE PRICE of beef is rising so fast that, after awhile, the rich man will have cows on his lawn, instead of fawns.

A "DRIVE-WELL POINT"—Don't Be Afraid of Your Horses.



HIS WIFE (*appearing at doorway*).—Moike, will yez go down th' celly and chop me a few pieces av wood to shart th' foire.  
LABOR AGITATOR (*angrily*).—Out av this! How in th' devil do yez suppose Oi can write these apaches if me hands air all harrud and dirty from choppin' wood?

## Telegram from Russia:

"SEND TO ANITCHKOFF PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG, IMMEDIATELY, ONE DOZEN VIN MARIANI, FOR HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA."

Ordered by the Court Physicians.

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MARIANI & CO., 52 W. 15th St., New York. PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. LONDON: 239 Oxford Street.

## NOT A BOY.

LITTLE ETHEL.—I stopped into Mrs. Brickrow's to see her new baby.

MAMA.—Did you? It's a boy baby, isn't it?

LITTLE ETHEL.—Oh, no, I guess not. It's real sweet.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

Ladies are greatly benefited by the use of Angostura Bitters, the South American tonic of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

## THE CORN-FED PHILOSOPHER.

"The great trouble with young men who want to see life," remarked the corn-fed philosopher, "is that they imagine that there is none of it worth seeing by daylight."—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

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Will be ready May 15. Order it NOW.

## HIS MOTTO.

JINKS.—There's a man whose motto is: "Pay as you go."

WINKS.—An excellent motto. Who is he?

JINKS.—He's a railroad president, and never gives passes.—*New York Weekly.*

Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne is splendid to entertain your friends with. Its bouquet and delicious taste is unrivalled.

## WORKS BOTH WAYS.

"It's curious," said one philosopher, "that a man is always wanting something that he can't get."

"Yes," replied the other, "and that he is always getting something that he doesn't want."—*Washington Star.*

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MISS CROSS.—What would you do if you were in my shoes?  
MISS SHARPE.—Turn my toes out.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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A curious legend connected with the origin and course of this terrible pestilence was narrated by an eminent historian in an address recently delivered before a scientific audience. He quoted medical authorities of that time who affirmed that "not only soap boilers and venders, but all the washer-women, and all they whose business it was to use soap—nay, they who only wore shirts washed with soap—presently died of the Plague." This sounds oddly enough in our day and generation, indoctrinated as we are in the belief that the omnipresent microbe is the root of all evil, and that he ever goeth about in search of some bit of broken surface of our skins wherein to plant himself and his rapidly growing family. As for ourselves, we shall still condescend in "Listerism" and Soap, and while there is a bit of Blondeau's Vinolia Soap in our locker, we do not feel it necessary to add to our insurance policies.—*Medical Exchange.*

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SECOND CITIZEN.—No; I consider the Opera House unsafe.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Sorry; I was going to give you a ticket for yourself and wife.

SECOND CITIZEN.—All right, old man; we'll take it in.

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Miss X.—I'm going to send this item about our five o'clock tea to the *Weekly Gossip*.

Miss Y.—They won't take it; you've written on both sides of the paper.

Miss X.—Dear me, I don't see why they need be so stiff about it! They print on both sides of their own paper, don't they? — *Roxbury Gazette*.

## THE REASON.

"Oh, well," said the consoling friend, on the way back from the races, "you have your railroad ticket left."

"Yes," was the mournful reply. "I could n't find a book-maker who was betting on railroad tickets." — *Washington Star*.

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SIMMS.—I'd hate to be the husband of one of these woman's rights women.

TIMMS.—I don't know about that. I have an idea that most of the women who go around howling for their rights are the very ones who have n't caught the knack of bossing their husbands. — *Cincinnati Tribune*.

## WHAT THEY OBJECT TO.

NEW WOMAN.—Is there any good reason why there should not be female lawyers, female Congressmen, or female Senators?

MEER MAN.—None whatever. What people object to is female gentlemen. — *New York Weekly*.

# BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

In Chronic Bright's Disease of the Kidneys—Its Disintegrating or Solvent Power in Urinary Calculi.

Dr. Alfred L. Loomis, Professor of Pathology and Practical Medicine in the Medical Department of the University of New York:

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Springs open for guests from June 15th to October 1st.

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IN SICKNESS OR IN HEALTH.

BARTENDER.—What'll be, gents?

SMITH.—I'm not feeling well this morning; I guess you can make me a whiskey cocktail.

BROWN.—Sorry to hear that you are out of sorts, Smith; I never felt better in my life. (To BARTENDER). Make me the same.

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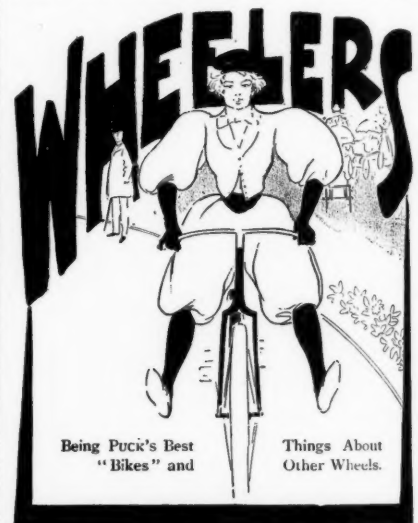
"That settles it," said the elephant, as he stepped on the pavement. — *Ex.*

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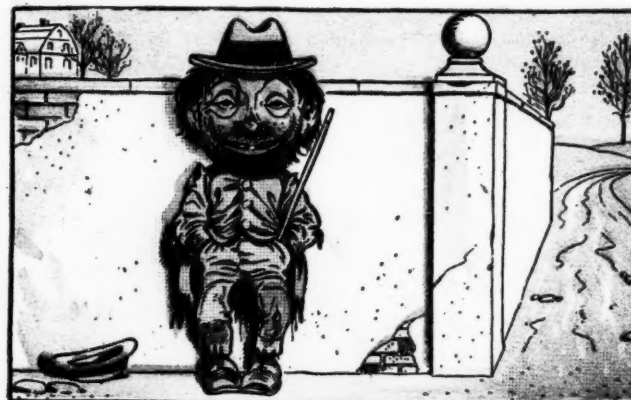
FATHER.—Arabella, I hear you are giving secret encouragement to that young Weakley. I forbid you to have anything to do with him. He is a silly, idiotic nonentity!



WILLY WEAKLEY.—Oh, pshaw! I've been waiting an awful while for that girl. She promised to meet me here at three o'clock and now it's twenty minutes afloat. I wonder what is keeping her?



THE WILY WANDERER.—Confound it! Here I be, near starved ter death and was just a-goin' to ask dat dood fer a dime, when he skips out frightened to death!



THE WILY WANDERER.—Anyhow, der hat 'n' cane 'll bring somethin' down at der hock shop. It's just my size, too.



ARABELLA (*petulantly*).—The idea of Papa lecturing me! What does a man of his age know about love, anyhow? Ah! There's my dear Willy! I know his hat.



ARABELLA.—Here I am, dear Willy! You can kiss my hand just once. Oh! how romantic this is, — just like a novel!



THE WILY WANDERER (*aside*).—By der Great Coxey! Dem ere dimint rings slips off like grease!



THE WILY WANDERER.—T'ree dimint rings! Who said I was n't lucky? Dese 'll keep me in feed fer years!

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